

**Kings Kottonmouth****"First Class"**

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It's time to smoke

Blaze all day, every day

Each way, the right way

My way, greenhay, we high

Been there done that

Big blunts, fat sacks

Hit it fast, make it last

First class, we blaze

Shit's all finger licking good when you rollin' through  
the hood

Twistin Lincoln logs are hard so we burning up the  
wood

Cuz I be smokin, drunk, drinking weed and pairing  
skunk

I like to smoke a bitch and been known to slap a blunt

Make the crowd jump, people say them kids got styles

Renting jewels for your videos you frontin' with that  
smile

Acting wild but you ain't even skirt in the pit

Talking shit, ain't worth a lick

You wanna bark, then you'll get bit, woof

Blow the roof off like an atom bomb

D-Loc to Johnny Richter's like ping to pong

Ain't nothing wrong, don't fix shit if it ain't broke

We ain't no jokes, you know the kings by the size of our  
tokes,

Motherfuckers

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Big blunts, fat sacks

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First class, we blaze

My voice is swayin, people always ask me what I'm  
sayin'

Playin' (shottie?) for the women, so I'm smooth  
operating

Just (plain gamin?), while you smokin on the hay

And for the peeps who are working (??) start your  
savin'

I keep it clean shaven, around 4 corners

We warned ya, no dank is strong enough to hold us

Like soldiers we fold ya, keep our composure

Roll you in a joint, light you up and smoke ya

Only take so much shwag, made me (??) and gag,

It's time to smoke some (??) so i reached in my bag

Fix my sag as i pulled out my orange zig zags

You know the Kottonmouth Kings, the worlds' greatest  
tag

Team, we gleam, i spit poisonous juice

Abuse microphones, let my flow run loose  
Calling out all troops, puttin' weight up on the table  
Bring a scale, round by round, check the soundscan  
Damn D-Loc we the cream of the crop,  
DJ Bobby B, Daddy X, and Pak, who locks to beats  
Sportin' high top docs, slingin' pounds of pot  
Take from us, better not  
Blaze all day, every day  
Each way, the right way  
My way, greenhay, we high  
Been there done that  
Big blunts, fat sacks  
Hit it fast, make it last  
First class, we blaze  
I got a knack for bud smoke chronic (??)  
D-Loc's no joke, toke for toke, he'll float your boat  
(??) down my throat, took off my coat  
Was it wet? It was soaked  
Out smoke you? Not really, nope  
Sat back and had a coke, relaxed and had a smoke  
A little bit of change, some dank, I was broke  
No dollar stretched out, felt like a stroke  
Brain transformed, like I was on the dose  
Provoke, no coke, I never done roak  
You gotta ring around your nose, take a hit off my  
roach

Tryin' to ball like the most, burnt like a piece of toast

On the coast to coast, deep in the post

Got my eyes on my crops, watchin' over my gross

Just daze you a little, damn he's kinda dope

(I see that I might have underestimated him

You have obviously underestimated my power)

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Each way, the right way

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Been there done that

Big blunts, fat sacks

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